where I saw little hope of saving the ship. The moon shone bright, the wind was moderate, and the sea calm. The round mountain of Spanish Town, which *I* had sketched the preceding day, appeared to the south-west, at a great distance.

We cut away our mainmast and threw our guns and ballast overboard. The ship remained immovable, and the anchor carried out could not bring her off; but she made no water.

We went off, as I told you, in the jolly-boat, to procure assistance, not knowing where to find inhabitants, or what rocks and shoals we might meet with; but violent squalls came on, and we durst not hoist our sail. Drenched with rain, our men harassed, and our boat filling with water, I almost lost the hope of escaping ourselves.

However, after many hours' labour and slow progress, we reached land; but an iron reef prevented our landing, and neither man, beast nor habitation appeared in sight. The sea ran mountains high, and the rain drowned us.

Happily, we saw a boat standing towards us, and making signals. It conducted us through a

channel into North Sound, Spanish Town, a beautiful large bay, crowned with high mountains, covered with cotton bushes, but very few houses. At one of these we landed, and, as soon as